

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin O.E.C.

"Whatever you are—Be that;
Whatever you say—Be true.
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

The Household Fairy.

Have you heard of the household fairy
Who keeps the home so bright and neat?
Who enters the rooms of boys and girls,
And finds lost marbles or smooths out curls?
Who mends the rent in a girl's frock,
Or darts the hole in a tomboy's sock?
If you don't believe it is true, I say
You may search and find her this very day
In your home.

You must not look for a maiden fair,
With starry eyes and golden hair;
Her hair may be threaded with silver gray,
But one glance of her eyes drives care away.
And the touch of her hand is so soft and light
When it smooths out a place for your head at night,
If you know of some one just like this,
My household fairy you cannot miss—
It's Mother.

—Alice B. Hullins.

You and I.

Now don't you think it's puzzling,
That "you" are sometimes "me,"
And both of us quite other folks,
Called "they," may often be?

When I mean me then I say "I,"
Then why do you say "you"?
And if I'm "I," then tell me please,
How can you be an "I" too?

If "I" am "you," and "we" are "they,"
Then who is which or what?
If "mine" means "yours" and "theirs" are "ours,"
Then whose is all the lot?

It is a dreadful puzzle!
How shocking it will be,
If "yours" does not belong to "you,"
Nor "mine" belong to "me!"

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

In wonder whether you have decided to be "Eyes" or "No Eyes" in life? It pays to be "Eyes," but you can get along and be "No Eyes."

Perhaps you have never yet awakened to the truth that there are people who have eyes see not and having eyes hear not.

Does not this mean those who are born blind or deaf, or it does not. It means that those who have their sight increased by knowledge have sharp eyes, while those who have the

How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving \$2 and Fully Guaranteed.

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstinate cough more quickly, usually ending it inside of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for croup, whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help sure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualic acid and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

No matter how clean you keep your kitchen, we keep ours cleaner.

No matter how well you can make your mince meat, we make ours better.

With us keeping things clean is a system.

With us making mince meat is an exact science.

There is no better dessert than mince pie. Have it oftener.

In dust-proof packages at your grocer's—10 cents

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, New York
Makers of Wood Products since 1885



sight dulled by ignorance might just as well have no eyes.

The brain is in business with the eyes, and if it is recognized as a partner it will constantly aid the eyes in seeing more and more, while it gets more and more knowledge.

The earth and the rocks and the plants and the insects and all things created talk to "Eyes," but they are only objects of ordinary interest to "No Eyes."

"Eyes" look not only at the object but for the why and the wherefore, and when the brain holds the why and the wherefore the eyes ever after see all instead of part.

The difference between "Eyes" and "No Eyes" is really the difference between the places in life men occupy. "Eyes" see the cream of life and "No Eyes" catch what they can.

The Wide-Awakes should all resolve to be Eyes.

PRIZE BOOK WINNERS.

1—Horatio Bigelow, Jr., of Norwich.

"The Break o' Day Boys," by Victor St. Clair.

2—Harry Cookson of Centerville, L. I.

"Brave Tom," by Edward S. Ellis.

3—Hannah McVeigh of Norwich.

"The Harmon Girls," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

4—Jessie Brehant of Locust Valley, L. I.

"The Odds and the Evens," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

5—Irene Godhus of Scotland, "Anderson's Fairy Tales."

6—Hazel Howard of Norwich, "The Little Mother," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

7—Madeline Tucker of Columbia, "The Rebel of the School," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

8—Joseph Keenan (send in address), "The Young Conductor," by Edward Ellis.

Prize book winners living in Norwich may call for their books at The Bulletin business office any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

My School and Home.

I live at Centerville, R. I. I go to the Centerville grammar school. It is about five minutes' walk from my house.

I start for school about quarter of 9 o'clock in the morning.

I live a half mile from Arctic Center. I go up there to get things for my mother.

There are four rooms in my school. I am in the third room. There are nine windows in my room. There are thirteen blackboards, too. I am in the sixth grade. There are forty-two scholars in my room. I have a little slator who goes to the same school.

I have a room of my own at home where I keep all of my things. I am a Boy Scout of America. I have a rifle, a lasso and an Indian bow.

I have a friend who also has a rifle, and when I was up to his house we shot a bee's nest all to pieces.

He was down to my house last Friday and went home Sunday.

Centerville, R. I.

A Noble Revenge.

Ned was a little boy of eight. His father was a wealthy merchant.

Ned was a very proud little boy. He would go with nobody but those who were paid to like him.

One day when he was out playing a poor little boy of his size asked him to play marbles. He turned around and said:

"He would play with no boy of such a low class," and he walked away.

The poor little boy said nothing, but went to play with someone else.

One day Ned got thrown down by a horse and the poor little boy picked him up and took him home.

Ned was very grateful and after that he was not so proud a boy.

EUGENIE ROULEAU, Age 11, Norwich.

Little Dorothy.

Once upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Dorothy. Her mother was poor, because her father was a drunkard and wasted all the money he earned.

The little girl carried dried sinners to her father and then to another man, who gave her 25 cents a week.

Her father did not know this, but one day he stayed at home. This day was Friday, when the girl got the money.

Her father saw the money, and that night when Dorothy went to bed she heard a noise down stairs. She crept down the stairs and saw her father with some other men getting her money out of the bank. She knew where her father kept his gun and went to get it.

When her father was just about to get the money she ran into the room and made him hold his hands up. Then she made the other men get out.

The little girl told her father it was bad to drink, and after a while he stopped drinking. He then kept steadily at his work and became rich.

He and his wife afterwards liked to talk about Dorothy, who had changed their fortunes.

CONNIE RIDGEWAY, Age 9, Baltic.

My Pet Banty Hen and Rooster.

I had two bantys to start with. I

had them about one month when the little hen began to lay eggs. I sold six eggs for a little girl. Then I saved some for the hen to set on. She came off with seven chickens. She was very proud of her little brood.

About six weeks later the rooster took the little brood and brought them to his nest. He was very careful of them. He would hover them every night. He taught them how to fly to the trees and how to roost, just as a hen should. The hen set again and hatched nine little chickens.

The rooster would have taken care of them, but the hen would not let him. When they grow up they are very pretty. The hens are buff color with brown necks. The roosters are green and red, with a big green tail. The hen has two little chickens now.

HAZEL L. HOWARD, Age 13, Norwich.

Black Jim and Shadow.

Black Jim lay stretched his whole length in front of the fire taking his after-dinner nap. Just at last it became so hot that he got up and stretched himself, and sat down on the door and wash the little white spot on his throat, the only white on his whole black body.

These few white hairs were his pride and he washed them off so they would be as white as could be.

As he sat there Little Ruth, his mistress, came in and nearly stumbled over him.

"Why Jim," she said, "that is no place for a big cat like you, why don't you stay in your basket?"

Then she took something from a little shawl and put it on the floor beside Jim.

"This is little Shadow and you must be very good to him."

He looked up and there he saw a little kitten just like him, only small, even to the white spot on the neck.

Jim did not think much of having another cat in the house, and just like himself, too. But Shadow moved slowly and put one little black paw on Jim's great big one and said in cat talk:

"Please be good to me. I have lost my mother and have come here to live with you and Ruth."

Jim still was not quite sure whether he liked this kitten or not. But when night came Shadow lay on Jim's big paw with the other around its neck and both were asleep.

"I'm sure they will get along all right together," said Ruth to her mother that night, and they both were asleep.

Even Jim got to thinking so much of Shadow that one morning he came and dropped a little baby mouse at the kitten's feet and that surely showed they were friends.

MADLEINE TUCKER, Age 14, Columbia.

Our First Skunk.

One day when we were up in the woods we discovered a skunk hole.

We set a trap for it. First we dug a small hole in the ground and put our trap in it. We covered it with some light dirt and made it look like a stake driven in the ground. We set about six traps in the same way.

We went up there every day. After we had had our traps there about two weeks we caught him.

We had on good clothes then, so we came home to put him in a cage. When we went back the skunk was gone. He had pulled his leg out of the trap. We set the traps again, then went home and forgot about them.

We kept on going there regularly, and in a few weeks more we had him again.

One day we climbed up in back of him and pelted him with stones and hit him with clubs till he was dead. Then we put him in a hole and brought him home and skinned him.

We sold him that day and were surprised at all the money we got for him.

ROBERT BIGELOW, JR., Age 19, Norwich.

I Like to Go to School.

I thought I would write and tell you about my school. I am in the fourth grade. I have history, grammar, word study, music, spelling, reading, arithmetic and geometry.

There are twelve scholars in my class. I have a mile to walk. I live on the edge of the mountain.

One day when we were in school in The Bulletin, the wide-awake letters in The Bulletin.

HOWARD WILDEN, Age 19, Willimantic.

The Accident.

One pleasant afternoon Donald and Mildred asked their mother if they could take their little dog to the park.

Donald and Mildred were very happy and soon they were on their way.

"I wasn't mother good to let us go driving," asked Donald.

Mildred had no time to answer him for at that moment an automobile came whizzing around a corner, and before Donald could turn out the children were thrown out and the frightened dog was running across the fields toward home.

By this time the auto had stopped and the driver, looking at the children, came to see if the children were hurt.

Mildred was crying, but more from fright than anything else.

Donald was sitting on the ground

viewing the ruins of the pony cart. He was not hurt, but much frightened.

The ladies were very sorry about the accident and said that the chauffeur must have been extremely careless to have done it. They took the children home in the auto.

Their mother was very glad to see them for she had been much frightened when the pony had come home alone. She never let them go out alone again.

ETHEL MAE DAVIS, Age 14, Waukegan.

The Origin of The Woodpecker.

There was an old lady who lived on a hill. She was very small, and she always wore a black dress and a large white apron with big bows behind. On her head she wore the queerest little red bonnet you ever saw.

It is a sad thing to tell, but the lady had grown sallow as the years went by. People said this was because she lived alone, and thinking of no one but herself.

One morning, as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry old man came to her door.

"My good woman," said he, "will you give me one of your cakes? I am very hungry. I have no money to pay for it, but whatever you wish for, you shall have."

Then the old lady looked at her cakes, and thought that these were too large to give away. So she broke off a small bit of dough, and put it into the oven to bake. But when it was done, she thought it was too nice and brown for a beggar. So she baked a smaller one, and then a smaller one, but still each was as nice and as brown as the first.

At last she took a piece of dough only as big as the head of a pin, yet she baked it as brown and fine as the others.

Then the old lady put all the cakes on the shelf and offered the old man a choice.

But the poor man only looked at her and before the old woman could wink her eye, he had disappeared.

Then the old lady thought a good deal about it, and knew that she had done wrong.

"Oh, I wish I were a bird," said she, "I would fly to him with the largest cake on the shelf."

As she spoke she felt herself growing smaller and smaller, until the wind picked her up and carried her up the chimney.

When she came out, she still had on her red bonnet and black dress. You could still see her large, white apron with the big bows behind. But she was no longer an old lady, but a bird, just as she had wished to be.

But she was a wise bird, and began to pick her food out of the hard wood of a tree.

And people after a while, when they saw her, began to name her the red-headed woodpecker.

FREDERICK MEYER, Age 13, Taftville.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Bees.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day when I was out hunting in the woods with one of my friends I saw a large bee's nest hanging on a limb of a tree.

When we got ready to come home I climbed up the tree and took it down and I took it home.

I put it in a room where it was warm, and didn't know there were any bees in it.

I went outside and when I came in I went to get the nest and show it to a rather large oblong one that swarmed of bees came out of it. Then I saw that I was in a bad way.

When it was nearly all burned up, I saw a lot of them, but they were dead.

OTIS CONRAD, Age 12, Taftville.

How to Make a Pest Wiper.

Dear Uncle Jed: Most all of our year and down stairs. There are about 48 children in my room. (I am in the 3 grade.)

My sister is upstairs, and her teacher's name is Miss Mulien, and there are about 40 children in her room. She is in the first class.

JOSEPH P. WATERS, Age 9, Poqueanuck.

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The Fox and the Woodman.

Dear Uncle Jed: A woodman wanted to hide a fox pursued by hunters. The hunters asked where the fox was.

The man said he did not know, but he pointed toward the hiding place.

The fox, escaping, said: "If your finger was as honest as your tongue, I would thank you."

JOHN M. MEYER, Age 9, Taftville.

Noble Trees.

Dear Uncle Jed: We have a yard of five elm trees. One of the trees is ten feet and four inches in circumference. Another eight feet and two inches. Another fourteen feet and six inches around it. Another five feet and seven inches, and one more eleven feet and six inches.

One of the trees out in the front yard is twenty-five years old, and another one in the front yard, people say is over a hundred years old.

CHARLES HENRY PERRY, Age 10, Scotland.

He Likes to Read Books.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to school and I am in the sixth grade. We have to study hard or else we will miss our lessons.

After school I do my chores and go to the store for my mother.

I like to read books.

I have a High School series are good. I think Irving Hancock writes good books, and I thank you for the book you sent me.

JOSEPH KILPATRICK, Age 12, Taftville.

Our Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write you another letter about our farm.

My father owns a farm of 165 acres. He has 13 cows, 2 horses and 18 sheep. We have a United States cream separator, and we send the cream to the city. I help my mother to separate the milk and I help my mother to dry the separator.

I have a cat three months old and I feed him every morning, before I go to school, and evenings when I come home.

We have 75 hens and 20 pigeons. We have 4 pigs, two white ones and two black and white ones.

I must close with best wishes to you and the Wide-Awakes.

MARGARET E. GRADY, Age 10, Scotland.

Likes the Country.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl eleven years old. I was born and brought up in the city and moved to the country three years ago. I did not like it at first, but I like it very well now.

We have a lot of chickens and they are very tame, and when I call them they will eat out of my hand.

I have a pet dog and his name is Sport.

I have a big malty cat and he has double paws all around. Sport and the cat will play for an hour at a time.

I go to school every day. We have

viewing the ruins of the pony cart. He was not hurt, but much frightened.

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